

Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 5.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1870.

NO. 22.

THE DOG.

THERE is no need to tell the youngest of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, the name of the animal represented in the beautiful picture on this page: the dog is too common and well known for that. But while all

are so used to the dog, there are very many items connected with his history, which would no doubt be very interesting to our readers, a few of which we shall endeavor to lay before them. Of all the animal creation the horse is perhaps the most useful to man; but there can be no question whatever that the dog is his most faithful friend, and he is also of immense service. The attachment between man and the dog is

mutual, though the dog is the more constant of the two; for while man may forget blessings and benefits conferred upon him, and is often ungrateful to his benefactors, the dog never forgets his friends. We will now give our young friends some of the facts connected with his

natural history, and shall close with two or three anecdotes illustrative of his sagacity and fidelity.

The dog, fox, wolf and jackal bear a close resemblance to each other in every respect, except in disposition. They

all belong to what naturalists call, the order *carnivora*, that is, all eat flesh and like to live on that only. The dog, however, and perhaps the fox, may be taught to eat vegetables; not so with the jackal or wolf. The number of toes in each of these animals is the same,—namely five on their fore feet and four on the hind feet; their teeth are also the same in number and form. But in disposition, they are as differ-



ent as can be, the dog alone being a domestic animal and strongly attached to man. The fox, jackal and wolf are found in many countries on the earth; but the dog in all, and in all his character is the same,—he being noted for his great usefulness and attachment to man.

The canine, (from the Latin word *canis*, a dog), race has many species or varieties, some being large, others small; some savage, others gentle; but the diversities or differences are all probably owing, to varieties of climate and circumstances; just as varieties, through these causes, exist among the various branches of the human family.

In India and Australia the dog is found in a wild state, and very savage. These wild dogs hunt in packs, and destroy large numbers of the kangaroo, deer, sheep and other animals useful for human food; but in India they compensate for this, to some extent, by their destruction of the tiger, to which, it is said, they are a determined enemy; and though no single dog would be of any use in a contest with a tiger, they can master him when they attack him in droves.

In the coldest, as well as the hottest regions of the world, the dog is found, and is of great service to his master. In some of the cold countries they are trained to draw heavy burdens, for long distances on sledges, in teams of eight, ten, a dozen or more; in other regions of the far north, they hunt the reindeer and other animals used for human food; and in all cases they are excellent to guard the premises, property and families of their owners when the latter are away from home.

In all countries where sheep are plentiful, the shepherd dog is well known, and is of very great service in guarding the flocks of sheep from wolves, and in preserving them from straying away and being lost; and perhaps in every country the "watch" dogs are kept, that is, dogs trained to keep watch round houses, farm yards, and other premises where dishonest persons would be likely to intrude.

Of all the varieties the bull dog is the most ferocious and the Newfoundland the most sagacious and useful. The latter are very generous and docile in disposition; they are very fond of water, and have frequently been known to rescue children from being drowned after they have fallen into the water. On Mont St. Bernard, one of the Alps, a race of dogs, similar to the Newfoundland, frequently save the lives of travelers who would otherwise perish in the snow. Our engraving represents the Newfoundland variety; they are larger than any other, and are generally favorites.

Besides the species above named, there is the ferrier, a very, small shaggy dog; who will kill rats very fast; the greyhound, foxhound, pointer and setter who hunt rabbits, hares, foxes, and other game. The bloodhound is a noble specimen of the dog family, which, before the telegraph and railroad were invented, was used to hunt criminals who had escaped from justice. This dog is very rare now; and is generally large and dangerous. Bull dogs are chiefly raised and trained for the purpose of taking part in brutal and cruel exhibitions, for which their grit and courage peculiarly fit them; but the bull, and mastiff, when well trained, as also the Newfoundland make excellent watch dogs.

Numerous anecdotes might be given of these useful animals, many of which seem to indicate power a little less than that of thought; but we must content ourselves with one or two and then close.

First, in illustration of the ferocity of the bull dog, we will relate a circumstance which took place in London a good many years ago, at the time a lady now living in this city was living there. An aristocratic family, who generally resided on the continent of Europe, used invariably to spend the Christmas season in London; and on these occasions the ancestral silver plate was burnished and got up in fine style by the servants. On one occasion a letter was received by the steward, informing him that the family would be in London at such a date; and as it

was not their usual season the announcement caused some surprise. However, preparations were made for their return, the gold and silver plate being prepared as usual. As this was of great value, considerable anxiety was felt for its safety, and to render it as secure as possible, a powerful bull dog, owned by a butcher in the neighborhood was borrowed at night and placed in the room in which the plate was kept. A day or two before the family was expected, a younger brother of the owner of the house, who had fallen into disreputable habits, arrived, and the morning after his arrival he was found dead, in the plate room, his windpipe having been torn out by the bull dog. It subsequently appeared that the letter announcing the return of the family, was a forgery, and had been sent by this young man in order that the plate might be got out of the place in which it was generally kept, and he have a chance to purloin it; and while trying to do so, he was killed by the dog.

A very different kind of an anecdote is that related of a professor of music, who lived in the city of Dresden, Germany, who trained a dog to such perfection in music that whenever a false note or discord was made in his presence, would give a piteous howl. Many instances illustrating his lasting attachment to man are of a very touching character. A gentleman who was put to death in the great French Revolution, had a dog between whom and himself a great attachment existed. Before the gentleman's death the dog would lie continually around the prison in which he was confined; and after he was put to death the faithful animal refused all food, and would lie on his grave for hours and days, and was finally found dead there.

Another instance is furnished of a traveller who was going a long journey with a large sum of money in a bag, his only companion being his dog. After alighting on one occasion to partake of refreshment by the wayside, the traveller took his money bag and laid it on the ground beside him. When his repast was over he remounted, and started on his journey, forgetting his money, leaving it on the ground. When he had gone a short distance, he was surprised at the strange proceedings of his dog, who barked and snapped and jumped up at his and the horse's legs, in a very peculiar manner. Fearing the dog was mad the gentleman drew a pistol and shot him, and continued his journey. In a short time he missed his money, and in alarm, returned to search for it. In reaching the spot where he had stopped to rest and eat, he found his faithful dog in the agonies of death by the side of the lost money bag.

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one—

Trouble never lasts for ever,
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars. If the earth is dark, keep your eye on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

A sunshiny morning will come without warning.
Never despair when fog's in the air,

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or firewood that will end in smoke

or darkness, but that which you can keep and is worth keeping.

Something sterling that will stay,
When gold and silver pass away.

Fight hard against a nasty temper. Anger will come; but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire—a fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that reveugeth knows no rest,
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him—make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have compassed your end. By little and little, great things are completed.

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips off his clothes in earnest, and sings while he works is the man for me—

A cheerful spirit gets on quick,
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

AN ADVENTURE IN GOTHAM

BY UNO HOO.

IN the year 1857, I resided in Brooklyn, on "the heights," as the high ground facing New York city is termed, and a very pretty location it is, commanding a fine view of the city and harbor of New York, and within two cents (the ferry fare), of the famous Wall St., where the financial "bulls and bears" have so many irrepressible conflicts. The ferry boat between Brooklyn and New York is a rather different affair from our Western "ferries," where you are requested with a revolver to pay five dollars for the privilege of risking your life among a lot of *bronco* horses and vicious mules on an open flat. There you step to the office, pay your two cents, receive your neat little red ticket, which you hand to the gate-keeper, and pass along over a plank floor into a cabin, nicely warmed up and fitted with rosy cushions, upon which you can recline and read as in a parlor at home, or gaze at the shipping on one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, until the bell announces your arrival upon the opposite shore. I used to enjoy those boat rides exceedingly as a pleasant recreation after business hours in the city. It may be as well to remark here, that a great many people who have offices in New York city, and do business there every day, do not reside within several miles of the city proper, but run in and out, on the cars and boats, morning and evening, just, perhaps, as some of our business men, having pleasant villas between here and Ogden will, some day, on the Utah Central Railroad.

It was not far from one of these ferry houses that the adventure occurred which I am about to relate. I had been over on the Jersey side of New York to see a friend off on one of the river boats, and was returning from the landing with a valise in my hand,

"Twixt the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame,"

as the Scotch bard expresses it, or, in plain "American

English," at early candle light, when, as I was walking rapidly along, I felt something strike the heel of my boot. I stopped and turned around just in time to see a rather dubious looking customer in the act of picking up a well filled wallet, which evidently contained a considerable sum of money in gold and bank notes (I was about to say greenbacks, but it was before the war.) The porte-monnaie was partly open, and it was still light enough for me to see clearly that it contained several twenty dollar gold pieces and bank bills to a large amount. My first impulse was to place my hand upon my breast pocket, where I usually carried my purse, to ascertain whether it was safe or not; finding it all right I felt almost as much relieved as the man who heard that the Buncomb bank had burst. He ran home in terrible anxiety, fearing that he had bills upon that bank. You can imagine his relief upon reaching home to find that he had neither bills on that bank nor any other.

I immediately moved on again towards Broadway, but had not gone fifty yards before I was accosted by a tall, well-dressed gentleman, with a splendid gold watch guard, seal ring, and the inevitable cigar, who hastily informed me that I had been robbed; said he, "I saw that fellow yonder, pointing with the index of his dexter, 'pick up your pocket-book. If you will come with me I'll help you to get it from him.' I felt duly grateful for the interest manifested in my welfare by an entire stranger, and thought I would see the adventure out, so I turned and went with him. We soon overtook the fellow, who had turned into one of the empty booths at the river side, apparently to count over his ill-gotten gains.

"Here!" said my tall friend, "give this gentleman his purse, I saw you pick it up."

The other partially extended the book toward me in a very abject manner, and then suddenly drew it back again, exclaiming in a whining tone, "I think I ought to have something for finding it."

"Here's eighteen pence," said my generous friend, "now give the gentleman his money."

The other said that he thought he ought to have more for finding so large a sum.

I then remarked that the purse was not mine, and that I did not care to interfere further in the affair; but my tall friend would not hear of such a thing. Taking me aside, said he, very plausibly, "the money does not belong to this scallywag, and he should not be allowed to keep it. I'd give him half a dollar myself, but eighteen pence is all I have with me. You had better give him something to satisfy him and take the purse, which evidently contains several hundred dollars, then, if you choose, you can advertise it, and should the owner present himself, he will willingly pay for the advertisement; and if he fails to claim it, the money is yours."

I told him I did not wish to have anything to do with it. And was about to turn away, when the whole scheme came into my mind as a well arranged swindle, and I saw clearly that they were in vulgar parlance "*trying to come the drop on me*." The money in the purse was all bogus, worth with the purse perhaps 50cts or a dollar, and they took this method to sell it to me for five, ten, fifty, or as many dollars as they could get. I turned and looked at them. I suppose something in my face told them they were discovered; for they straightway began distributing *tracks*, and it is perhaps not necessary to state that the heels of those tracks pointed in my direction. I subsequently saw an account in a New York paper of a member of Congress having been swindled out of twenty-five dollars by the same plan tried on me, perhaps by the same fellows, *Quien sabe?*

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1870.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

STRANGE stories are told about the belief and practices of the Roman Catholics, and our church having suffered so much from slanders we are not ready to believe all which we hear; because when men are prejudiced against a people or a system they will not describe it correctly. That which we are about to relate, however, we have reasons to believe is true, and we suppose would be admitted to be so by the Roman Catholics themselves.

On a hill in Rome, known by the name of Capitoline Hill, where formerly stood a temple of Jupiter, one of the gods of old Rome, now stands a church. It is called the church of *Santa Maria di Araceli*. In one of the chapels of this building is an image or idol, called the *Santissimo Bambino*, which means the most holy infant. This idol is guarded day and night by priests of the Romish church. It is a stout, plump doll, made of olive wood, gypsum and paint, and is dressed in silk and precious gems, and on its head is a magnificent crown of gold and very valuable stones. What do you think is the reason of this being called "the most holy infant?" Because it is believed to be the exact image of the Savior, when he was a babe in the manger of Bethlehem. On this account it is adored by monks and priests with great faith and reverence. The Pope and the leading men in Rome believe that it can cure diseases of all sorts, and they patronize it. It is a little doll-doctor, and a carriage is kept for it, and when it is called to visit patients, which it does very frequently both by night and by day, it is always attended by priests. Its fees for its visits and medical practice are very considerable, sufficient to support a large establishment of two hundred or more monks. Sometimes this doll is carried in processions, and bishops and cardinals follow it, bow down to and act as though they worshipped it. They fling incense over it, and at certain times bring it out on the lofty terrace of the church, and elevate it before the multitudes who assemble to see it and to get the benefit which they suppose it will confer upon them.

When there is much sickness in Rome this doll is out on its medical rounds very often, and so successful is it in making money by its practice, that a most costly apartment was being prepared for it awhile ago. Probably there may be some change in the arrangement, since the King of Italy has become master of Rome, and *bambino's* fine dwelling may not be finished.

A curious story was told a recent visitor to Rome, about this image by one of the monks which waited upon it. On one occasion, several centuries ago, the doll was carried to visit a person who had a disease of some kind of long standing. It was necessary that it should remain with him some time. In order to have it do so, another image, dressed like the *bambino*, was sent back to the church in its stead. The monks who had it in charge, did not perceive that it was a fraud, and everything went on as usual until night, when they became much

alarmed by the sudden and fearful ringing of all the bells in the church. There was no visible hand to ring them, but still they rung. At the same time there was a terrible kicking at the church-door. To this the monks all rushed to find out what was the matter outside. To their surprise there stood the real *bambino*, in a great rage, demanding admittance. He told them how he had been treated, that he had been confined in bed with the sick person, while a sham *bambino* had been returned to take his place. He could not endure such treatment, and escaping from the bed and the house, had come all the way through the cold and muddy streets in the night to notify his attendants of the trick that had been played upon them, and the manner in which he had been treated.

The monks who now wait upon this image believe this story. It has been communicated to them as a correct tradition, and they think every good Catholic should believe it. Probably many of them do so; but it would be difficult to get other people to believe it. Would you think it possible that men who profess to be followers of Christ would believe such fables as this? Yet, we are informed on good authority, bishops and cardinals do, and they assert themselves to be the heads of Christianity and civilization!

THE continent of Asia is a land of marvels to the people of Europe and America; the vegetation, the animals and the people differ so widely from those of other countries. Few people of other lands have been permitted to travel through some parts of Asia, and, therefore, many things are very strange and wonderful which we hear from there. Were intercourse and travel permitted it would not be long before its mysteries would be fully known, and a better understanding be arrived at concerning all its peculiarities. The latest story that we have heard concerning the wonders of that quarter of the earth, comes in the shape of a *Tallow Tree*. This tree is said to grow in China, where it forms vast forests, and gives rise to a considerable branch of local trade. The fruit of this tree produces seed that are covered with a white, solid, fatty substance which is converted into candles. The tallow, if we might call it such, is said to be of a very fine quality, burning with a clear, white flame, without odor.

It is only a few years since oil was found in the earth by boring, and now immense quantities of kerosene oil is pumped out of the bowels of the earth by means of wells. This is very wonderful, and had any person said twenty years ago that men would ever succeed in pumping oil, as we do water, out of the ground, he would have been laughed at as a fool or crazy person. But now we are told of trees that produce tallow, or a substance like it! This is as wonderful as the digging of oil wells. We really know but little about the earth upon which we live, and the many wonderful resources which it possesses. New discoveries are being made every day which add to man's comfort and happiness. There will be a time, the Bible says, when the earth is purified and sanctified, that the tree of life will grow upon it—a tree that will bear twelve manner of fruits, and which will yield its fruit every month, and the leaves of which will be for the healing of the nations. Could such a tree be discovered now, how men would extol and indulge in wonder over it!

BUILDING CHARACTER.—There is a structure which every body is building, young and old, each one for himself. It is called character, and, in every act of life, is a stone. If, day by day, we be careful to build our lives with pure, noble, upright deeds, at the end we will stand a fair temple, honored by God and man.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

ON the 8th of September of the present year the smallest vessel that ever crossed the broad Atlantic Ocean, arrived safely in Boston. Her name was the *City of Ragusa*. Her crew consisted of two men, an Irishman and an Austrian, named Buckley and Primoraz, both old followers of the sea. In size the little bark seemed almost too small a thing to weather a high wind on one of our large rivers, much less to cross from Europe to America on the troubled waters of the Atlantic. Her length over all is only twenty feet, her breadth less than six feet, she draws only about two feet of water, she is a fraction less than two tons burden, and spreads between seventy and eighty yards of canvas. Everything about her is of similar proportions, every inch of room being put to the best use. The captain took on board a quantity of corned beef and other preserved meats, five hundred pounds of coal, about eighty gallons of water, and a ton of ballast. She left Liverpool on Thursday, June 2nd, when thousands gathered to wish her a pleasant voyage. Ten days was consumed in the voyage from Liverpool to Queenstown, and upon arriving at the latter port she put in four days for repairs, leaving finally on the morning of Thursday, June 16th.

She met with strong westerly winds, almost from the beginning of the voyage to the end, and was in two or three heavy gales, in the most severe

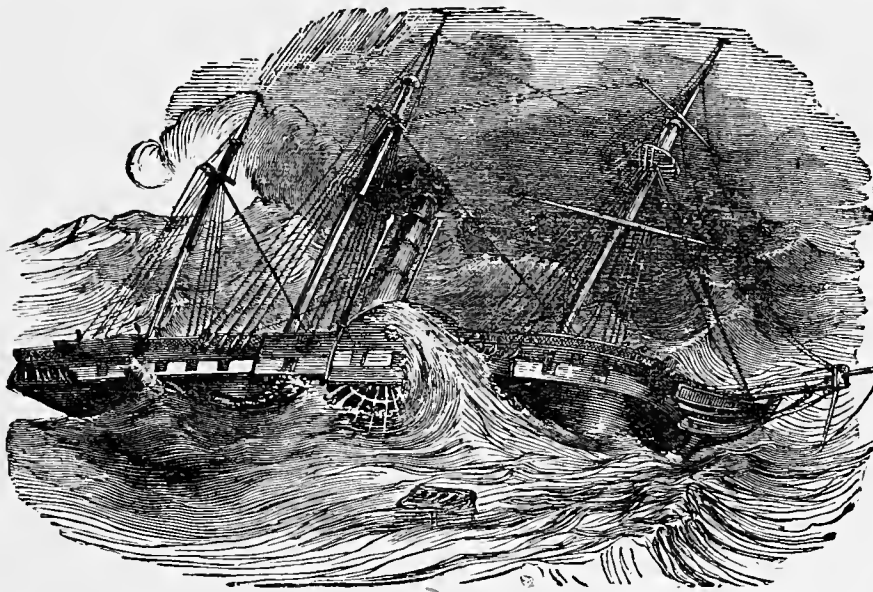
one a number of ships were wrecked not far from her, but this fragile little craft came out all right in the morning with the loss only of her jib. The weather was so rough the first thirty-five days, that the two mariners were soaked to the skin the whole of the time. They could not light a fire, so had to live on raw meat and hard bread, and when the storm subsided, they thought they would indulge in a meal of cooked victuals they found all their kindling wood had been washed away, and they were unable to light a fire with coal alone. At last, a barrel with some tar floated near by, and they at once seized it as a prize of the utmost value. It not only served them for kindling fuel, but also was found useful for caulking purposes, and the leaking craft was very soon repaired. When in the neighborhood of Cape Clear, a couple of mammoth whales paid the voyagers a visit, one of them coming up alongside so near that Captain Buckley reached over and placed his hand on the intruder's back. They followed along some five or ten minutes, and then disappeared in the deep, much to the joy of the adventurous sailors.

But at last their voyage was over and the captain and his mate safely reached the port of Boston, well and hearty. Their fine dog, however, which they took on board

with them, died about a week before they reached their destination. They were received on shore with many cheers and were glad to once more step on land, after being confined in their cockle-shell of a boat for eighty-three days. Neither of them, after such an awful dirty and ugly voyage, as the captain called it, is in any anxiety to return to Europe the same way they came.

This was a very daring, foolhardy trick, which no one would be justified in repeating. Look at our engraving, here we have one of the grand steam-ships, made expressly for crossing the ocean, rocked on the stern-tossed waves in the midst of a hurricane. And if a vessel so large as this, is hurled to and fro by the fury of the waves, what must it be with a tiny bark like the *City of Ragusa*. The very fact of her insignificance and her offering so slight a resistance to the power of the raging waters was the only thing that saved her.

This season is being a very stormy one. Many fine vessels have gone to pieces in the storms and many toilers of the sea have finished their labors, and lie midst the sand and shells at the ocean's bottom or have been washed ashore on the rocks of Britain or on our own coasts. Amongst the last is a fine steam ship called the *Cambria*, which was lost on the 19th of the present month (October) and of all the crew and passengers, only



one man was saved. His name is John McGarland, his story runs thus:

"The voyage from New York had been generally fortunate, though unpleasant weather prevailed most of the time. On the night of Wednesday, the 19th of this month, she was under full sail and steaming rapidly; when some time between ten and eleven o'clock, she struck on a small rocky island on the coast of Ireland, about ten miles from Donegal, and thirty west of Londonderry. The vessel at once began to fill, and the water rushed in through large holes torn in her bottom. The fires were soon extinguished, and the ship began to sink rapidly. There was no hope of saving her, so the passengers were massed on the deck and crowded into four boats. These were launched and put off from the sinking steamer. Three have never since been heard of. The fourth capsized almost immediately on touching the water."

It was in this boat that McGarland was found, he having scrambled into it again after capsizing. The dead body of a lady was also found therein. All the rest of the crew and passengers are supposed to be lost. It is estimated that there were from one hundred and eighty to two hundred souls on board at the time the *Cambria* was wrecked.

How sad to think that so many souls within sight of shore, almost at their journey's end, should have been hurried in a moment from life to death, from this world to the next. Especially sad is it to us from the fact that

two well known citizens of Salt Lake City—James Hague and his wife—were amongst those who were entombed in a watery grave, thus bringing the calamity near home to many of us, who miss the deceased from their usual abiding places.

G. R.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

NO time was lost by President Young and the other Apostles after their arrival at home in finding out the true condition of affairs. After holding a council at the house of Elder Taylor, who was recovering from his wounds, a meeting was called of the Twelve Apostles, High Council and High Priests. They met at 4 p.m. on the day after their arrival, and after the meeting was opened President B. Young called upon Sidney Rigdon to make a statement concerning his message to the Saints, and the vision and revelation which he stated he had received. We find a summary of his remarks upon the occasion published in the History of Joseph. As it will give our readers Rigdon's own idea of his position, we publish the summary entire. He said:

"The object of my mission is to visit the Saints and offer myself to them as a guardian. I had a vision at Pittsburgh, June 27th. This was presented to my mind not as an open vision, but rather a continuation of the vision mentioned in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants.

"It was shown to me that this Church must be built up to Joseph, and that all the blessings we receive must come through him. I have been ordained a spokesman to Joseph, and I must come to Nauvoo and see that the Church is governed in a proper manner. Joseph sustains the same relationship to this Church as he has always done. No man can be the successor of Joseph.

"The kingdom is to be built up to Jesus Christ through Joseph; there must be revelation still. The martyred Prophet is still the head of this Church; every Quorum should stand as you stood in your washings and consecrations. I have been consecrated a spokesman to Joseph, and I was commanded to speak for him. The Church is not disorganized though our head is gone.

"We may have a diversity of feelings on this matter. I have been called to be a spokesman unto Joseph, and I want to build up the Church unto him; and if the people want me to sustain this place, I want it upon the principle that every individual shall acknowledge it for himself.

"I propose to be a guardian to the people; in this I have discharged my duty and done what God has commanded me, and the people can please themselves whether they accept me or not."

When he had finished, President B. Young made some remarks, a summary of which we herewith give:

"I do not care, said he, who leads this Church, even though it were Ann Lee; but one thing I must know, and that is what God says about it. I have the keys and the means of obtaining the mind of God on the subject.

"I know there are those in our midst who will seek the lives of the Twelve as they did the lives of Joseph and Hyrum. We shall ordain others and give the fulness of the Priesthood, so that if we are killed the fulness of the Priesthood may remain.

"Joseph conferred upon our heads all the keys and powers belonging to the Apostleship which he himself held before he was taken away, and no man or set of men can get between Joseph and the Twelve in this world or in the world to come.

"How often has Joseph said to the Twelve, 'I have laid the foundation and you must build thereon, for upon your shoulders the kingdom rests.'"

According to the appointment of William Marks for a special meeting to be held on Thursday, August 8th, the people assembled at the hour designated—10 o'clock a. m.—at the grove, east of the Temple. There was a large attendance, everyone feeling a deep interest in the object for which the meeting had been called, namely, to choose a "Guardian" or President, also a Trustee-in-Trust. The wind was unfavorable for speaking from the stand, and a wagon was, therefore, drawn to a position opposite the stand, that was thought to be suitable to speak from. Into this Sidney Rigdon, William Marks, George James and probably one or two more ascended. After the meeting was opened, Sidney Rigdon arose to speak. Usually he was a fluent, impassioned speaker, and excelled in oratory; but upon this occasion he was visibly embarrassed, and spoke slowly and in a very labored manner, as a man might be supposed to do who was conscious of the badness of his cause. The difficulty which he seemed to have in speaking attracted attention. The Latter-day Saints, above all people in the world, are the most scrutinizing and critical when men who make great pretensions address them. They soon discern the spirit which possesses them, and quickly decide upon the weight there is to be attached to their utterances.

This was a time when they were particularly on the alert, and they saw nothing in Rigdon or in his remarks which gave them evidence that he was the man to lead them. They heard from him no voice or sound that marked him as the true shepherd.

This meeting of which we speak was a grand gathering of earnest, sorrowful men and women. Their earthly head had been taken from them, and they mourned his loss. The lips which they had so often heard utter the words of life and salvation, and had imparted to them heaven's counsel and instruction, were stilled in death. The prophet of God was slain, and there was anxiety to know who should act in his stead and lead them as he had done. What better opportunity could be given the man having the authority than this to show the people that, though Joseph had gone behind the veil, there were others still left who held the keys of the priesthood! Had Sidney Rigdon been a true man, acting under the dictation of the Spirit of God and prompted by pure motives, such an occasion as this would have called into exercise all his powers, and he could not have failed to speak with thrilling effect upon the themes which occupied all men's thoughts. But his words awakened no emotions; they touched no heart; they were destitute of the Spirit, and they, therefore, had no effect upon the people, except to strengthen the conviction that he was not the man chosen by the Almighty to be their leader.

After speaking for a short time he sat down, and as soon as he did so, President Brigham Young who was in the stand, having come there after Sidney Rigdon had left it to occupy the wagon, arose and addressed the people. The congregation wheeled around and faced him, turning their backs upon Sidney Rigdon. It was the first sound of his voice which the people had heard since he had gone east on his mission, and the effect upon them was most wonderful. Who that was present on that occasion can ever forget the impression it made upon them! If Joseph had risen from the dead and again spoken in their hearing, the effect could not have been more startling than it was to many present at that meeting. It was the voice of Joseph himself; and not only was it the voice of Joseph which was heard; but it seemed in the eyes of the people as though it was the very person of Joseph which

stood before them. A more wonderful and miraculous event than was wrought that day in the presence of that congregation we never heard of. The Lord gave His people a testimony that left no room for doubt as to who was the man He had chosen to lead them. They both saw and heard with their natural eyes and ears, and then the words which were uttered came, accompanied by the convincing power of God, to their hearts, and they were filled with the Spirit and with great joy. There had been gloom, and, in some hearts probably, doubt and uncertainty; but now it was plain to all that here was the man upon whom the Lord had bestowed the necessary authority to act in their midst in Joseph's stead.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Chemistry of Common Things.

MINERALOGY.

BESIDES materials of organic origin, that is, such as are derived from the remains of plants and animals, as, for instance, the masses of nearly all the great limestone formations, and the immense deposits of coal, &c., there are numerous substances found in the earth that receive the general name of minerals.

Much has been said in passing along about the various substances of which the earth is composed, when treating on the simple elements. Thus we have seen that potassium, when burnt, unites to oxygen to form potash; sodium, when burnt, forms soda; in other words, oxides of the metals named are formed by combustion.

Now *all minerals are made up of burnt compounds*; that is, they are made up of the products of combustion. Let us recapitulate: aluminum becomes alumina (clay); silicon becomes silica (the substance of quartz and sand); calcium becomes lime by being burnt with oxygen. There does not appear to be any exception to this rule of forming minerals by the products of combustion. Oxygen and hydrogen by burning together, (combine in the proportions explained before) to form water. Oxygen and carbon, by the same means, combine and form carbonic acid.

Suppose now we enumerate the most prominent chemical constituents of all the minerals of our rock, we shall find names that we have become very familiar with as students, and which may be easily committed to memory; they are nine in number: oxygen, carbon, silicon, potassium, sodium, calcium, aluminum, magnesia and iron. These, it is calculated, form about six-sevenths of the bulk of the earth. If we add to these nine elements hydrogen, nitrogen, chlorine and sulphur, making in all thirteen elements, we have nearly all the constituents of rocks, or at all events all that generally are required to understand to obtain a clear idea of the chemistry of mineralogy.

How large a field is open for the student to revel in even by knowing correctly the nature of a few of the elements! O plus N plus H constitute the bulk of the air we breathe. These symbols, if we have not forgotten them, mean that air is oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen; O plus H form the waters of the earth; Cl. plus Na., chlorine and sodium all our salt of the ocean and of our mountains (rock salt); S (sulphur) and the metals form all the sulphurets or sulphides of our rocks. S and O form sulphuric acid, which, united to lime, form our gypsum rocks, of which we have immense beds, sulphate of lime; H (hydrogen) is also a constituent of many minerals, with

S and O forming the laminated variety of gypsum called "selenite," one of our prettiest minerals.

Of course we cannot hope to acquire complete knowledge of the chemistry of all the rocks of which the earth is composed, probably that is unattainable by the profoundest chemist, but we may easily master any difficulties that stand between us and any *useful* knowledge of the chemistry of our rocks.

Before commencing this let us reason a little on the general features the earth we dwell on presents to our notice. There are gases, fluids, and solids; organic and inorganic substances. The organic may be either animal or vegetable in nature, or both. The inorganic is chiefly composed of the nine elements named, but may have been wholly or in part derived from vegetable or animal substances. The carbonic acid of our limestone, that is entirely mineral in the rock, may have been vegetable matter that has been burnt in the remote ages; it is carbon and oxygen; the nitrogen that enters into the composition of the saltpeter found in some of the mines of Tintic and other places may have been derived from some decomposed animal bodies.

But all the substances we see around us, if inorganic, we find them mainly composed of silicon, as said before, "one-fourth of the earth's crust is silicon." The organic are mainly carbon, which performs, in the animate creation a similar part to that of silicon in the inanimate world. Calcium seems to be intermediate between the organic and inorganic world, it is made into shells, corals, and into bones, as well as entering into the tissues of animals and vegetables. The phosphate of lime derived from animal substances, like the carbonate of lime from both animal and vegetable sources, goes to assist in making up the minerals of the earth. Let us then begin to study the nature of our rocks by bearing in mind these facts: all minerals are made up of burnt compounds; oxygen is the consuming element, and is one-half by weight of the entire crust of the earth.

BETH.

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

From "TRIUMPHS OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY."

Published by T. Nelson & Sons, London.

[Concluded.]

THE scheme worked very well. The children appreciated the kindness with which they were treated, became anxious to learn reading and writing, and to be put in the way of earning an honest livelihood. It became known, benevolent people subscribed funds to promote it, and after a while the old stable was abandoned for a larger and more weather-proof building in the same neighborhood, where more plentiful and comfortable bedding and food were also provided. Mr. Wilson thus describes the antecedents of the new dormitory and school-house: "Indulge me for a moment with a glance at the old public-house (now the Refuge!) Let us look at the upper rooms. Here were fifty youths met around their master (as able a one in his calling as England could produce), listening with undivided attention to his instructions on the 'map' (a pair of trowsers suspended from the ceiling), on the subjects of 'fob ology,' or pocket-picking. After this course of tuition, the next was the mock trial—an imitation of the Old Bailey Court, with a *fac-simile* of its functionaries and ordeal, done with very great taste, and calculated to make the young rascal not only expert in extracting from the fob, or pocket, but clever in defence. To train the young novice in his first assay, he was supplied with a glass below in the tap (now the dining-room of the children). If successful, then he returned for the purpose of reporting his success, and having a game at

skittles in the skittle-ground (now the boy's school-room).” Thus “the old order changeth, giving place to the new;” and we may hope the transformation in this case is a true type of the progress of the times.

The story of the foundation and progress of the Field Lane Ragged School, the next that was established, is much the same as that of the one in Westminster. A devoted missionary, Mr. Provan, about the same time that Mr. Wilson was going his rounds on the other side of the metropolis, ventured to assail vice and crime at headquarters, in Field Lane and the cluster of wretched alleys of which it forms a part. From time out of mind that quarter had been the chief rendezvous of the most notorious and abandoned ruffians in the great city. It was the favorite resort of Jonathan Wild, Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, and other malefactors to whose histories distance has lent somewhat of the enchantment of romance; and, till within a few years ago, some old houses were still standing, full of dark closets, sliding panels, trap-doors, and mysterious vaults, where the villains of the “golden age” of burglary used to hold their orgies, and conceal themselves and their booty. The district remained true to its traditions, and was at the time when Mr. Provan began to visit it, both physically and morally, one of the plague-haunts of the metropolis. In 1841 the missionary hired a small room at two shillings a-week, and went round to a number of the houses to intimate that a school would be opened there on Sunday, and to invite attendance. His only answer was oaths and laughter; and one company of thieves, whom he found drinking and playing cards, told him he would most likely be killed for his pains, and that the first day of the school would be the last of it.

Undeterred by these threats, and bent upon giving the experiment a fair trial, Mr. Provan duly made his appearance in Field Lane, at the appointed time on Sunday. As soon as he was seen entering the court, a throng of people collected there began shouting and yelling at him. They jeered at him, cursed him, and jostled him about as he tried to force his way up to the door of his room through the dense throng of people. He got there at last; and as soon as he opened it the crowd rushed in, and the room was filled in an instant. There were no stools or furniture of any sort, and the missionary and his strange audience had to stand or squat down on the floor. For a while there was such a noise that Mr. Provan could not make himself heard, but as soon as silence was partially restored, he gave out a part of the 109th Psalm, and invited the people to join in singing it. This they did, in a wild, discordant way, and then, after a few words from the missionary, the meeting broke up.

The next Sunday the room was packed as full as before, and much the same scene took place, only the people were rather quieter and more orderly. One wild young fellow kept making noises and disturbing the proceedings, and an uproar was impending, when Mr. Provan stepped up to him, put a hand upon each shoulder, and turned him out of the room. This was done so calmly and suddenly that the man was taken aback for the moment, and made no resistance; but as soon as he was at the door he turned round, drew out his knife, and would have stabbed the missionary, but for the interference of the rest.

The next Sunday Mr. Provan was surprised to see the same man come into the room, very quiet and subdued, join in the proceedings with much earnestness, and appear quite a different being from what he was a week before. Nor was the change a passing one. The next Sunday he brought his father with him, and the two became regular attendants. He gave up his evil courses, and afterwards led an honest and respectable life.

Such was the starting of Field Lane Ragged School. A considerable number of lads were induced to frequent it, and, just as at Westminster, the necessity of providing a refuge as well as a school was felt, and the addition accordingly made. From a dark, low-roofed, filthy den, the institution has since been transformed into a clean, well-lighted, well-ventilated hall.

The establishment of the Ragged School Union in 1844 gave a great impulse to the movement. The original plan of a Sunday School has been developed into a regular day and evening. The dormitory and refuge have been recognized as essential adjuncts to the Ragged School; and various other charitable devices, such as finding employ-

ment for pupils as shoe-blacks, broomers (to sweep crossings), steppers (to clean door-steps, and so on, have been adopted for raising the character and bettering the condition of the tribe of “city Arabs,” the poor, friendless, houseless nomads of the London streets. At the first there were only twenty schools in connection with the Union, while there are now probably near two hundred; and the number of teachers and pupils has, of course, proportionately increased.

The noble and unceasing efforts of Dr. Guthrie throughout Scotland to promote the cause also lent it a great impetus, which was not confined to that country alone. There are now few cities of any size without one, if not more, of these ragged schools in their midst, to divert the outcast children from the paths of sin, and train them in the way they should go. Let us hope that before long there will be no town without one.

Most of the teachers in these schools are volunteers—men and women who have a hard day's work to go through for their own livelihood before they can come to the help of the destitute and abandoned, and whose only reward for their labor and self denial is the consciousness of the good they are doing,—quiet, noiseless heroes all of them, waging a good fight, not without the wounds and crosses which must attend all fights with ignorance and vice.

Selected Poetry.

A LITTLE FOLK SONG.

Come here, you grigs,
Here's a show!
Five baby pigs
All in a row!
They came last night,
Brown, pink, and white,
With tails curled tight,
And eyes so bright.
It is a treat
To see them eat,
And hear them squeak,
A-week! A-week!
And oh! what fun
To see them run!
And then stop short,
With grunt and snort,
Poking about
With curious snout.
No, Master Dick,
Put down that stick,
You must not dig
A baby pig
Under the rib,
To make him squeal.
How would you feel
Should I do so
To you, you know?
You must be kind,
Or else you'll find
You won't come here
Again, my dear!

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,
EVERY OTHER SATURDAY.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Single Copy, per Annum.....\$3 00.

Single Copy, for Six Months..... 1 50.

Grain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DESERET NEWS BUILDINGS.